



A PAGE FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Drinking
Bullock's Blood
to Get Health

"LET them raise the price of beef as much as they like. But if they raise the price of beef blood there will be trouble. The man who hauled this defiance at the Meat Trust was one of a strange company of invalids which daily lines up at a local abattoir, in which beavers receive the fatal stroke which starts them on their journey to a thousand dinner tables.

"I can get along without cooked meat, but I believe if I were deprived of my daily glass of blood I would die in a month."

Many other Philadelphians beside this unfortunate have learned the nourishing properties of fresh beef blood; so at times the abattoir takes on the appearance of the waiting room of a hospital. "Blood drinkers" the employees of the yard term the invalids who call, and they extend them every courtesy.

"A man would have a heart of stone not to feel sorry for them," remarked one burly butcher; "so we help them all we can. It's wonderful, though, the effect the blood has on some of them. Now watch that fellow there."

An emaciated invalid had just drunk two glasses of the red fluid. A tinge of color instantly crept into his wasted cheeks; he straightened his drooping shoulders, tossed back his head and walked firmly away. The pint of warm blood had apparently put new life into him.

By this time a number of people were waiting for the killing of the next steer. One and all seemed to regard the blood as a sort of life nectar.

"They come in just such numbers every killing day," explained a representative of one of the butchering firms. "We have regular callers who never miss a day, and others who come once or twice a week. Some have been coming here for years. The drinking of blood seems to be all that keeps them alive. A few I have seen shake off their illness and grow fat under the influence."

"Many have ceased to come, and I suppose that they are dead. We make them all welcome. If they offer to pay for their glass of blood our employees usually take the money. It is their prerogative. The firm doesn't interfere."

"A beautifully gowned woman drives up here twice a week in her carriage, sends her footman in with a glass, has the draught of blood brought to her, drinks it and sends the footman back with a dollar bill. She explained when she first came here that she was anemic, and her physician had ordered her to drink a glass of bullock's blood twice a week."

One of the men was asked how he liked the red fluid as a beverage.

"Tastes just like warm milk," he asserted. "Just a little salty, but shut your eyes to the color and you would never think you were drinking blood. At first it is a trifle nauseating. But the taste for it is soon acquired when the fanciful objection wears away."

"I used to be as thin as a rail. I'm not a consumptive. Don't believe blood-drinking will cure consumption. It's only good for bloodless persons. I gained fifteen pounds in two months after I substituted bullock's blood for beer."

"The only drawback about drinking blood is that you can't get it on tap at every street corner, as you can beer. It has to be caught and swallowed the moment the bullock is killed. Otherwise it coagulates."

"I suppose some people will say this treatment is not efficient. Isn't it proof enough that the men who live in a slaughter house atmosphere almost all the time are invariably fat and sleek? Did you ever see a thin or haggard looking butcher? They are always fat and rosy. The reason is that they breathe blood six days a week. Look at that splendid specimen of manhood killing the bullock. Did you ever see a tailor or a shoemaker with such a robust physique? If I could manage it I would sleep in a slaughter house and live exclusively on a blood diet."

"I've seen women run shrieking out of the slaughter house," commented the butcher, "when first they came for a drink of blood. Once they get the first glassful down, the 'shuddery' feeling is gone, and they drink it as nonchalantly as the old-timers."

"The blood is about the only thing we can't turn to profit. So let the cadaverous crowd have it at their own price, or no price at all, if they are poor. We are glad to have them come. They create a diversion."

"They compare notes concerning their ailments, between drinks, and discuss the relative merits of the slaughter houses and the quality of blood to be obtained at each one. They are quite a part of the life here, and when we find one of them ceases to make his accustomed call it makes us quite sad."

TEA BAD AS WHISKY

Scientists Say it Produces the Same Effect Upon the Nerves.

There are scores of good temperance people who are the most intemperate tipplers in the world. They don't know it and they would be horrified at the suggestion. Nevertheless it is true. Their stimulant isn't whisky, to be sure. But it is tea, which scientists now say is quite as injurious to the system as is alcohol.

The final effect of any stimulant on the human body is deleterious. It may be coffee, opium, hashish, cocoa, betel-nut, alcohol or tobacco, but its invariable rule is to produce an exhilaration followed by a corresponding depression. This condition represents the burning up, the combustion of nerve force. Tea belongs in the same category as alcohol and tobacco. Any tea drinker's declaration that he or she "can't get along without that cup of tea" proves it. There is not a single food property about the drink. It simply acts as a spur to the nervous system, and in order to get the desired response there must be a constantly increasing dose. By and by, the system becoming overloaded with the poison, the stimulation can no longer be produced and the victim becomes a nervous wreck.

When tea was first introduced the public never thought of using it as a beverage. But it was sold by druggists as a medicine, which finally came to be adopted as a panacea for every ill.

The New Summer Lingerie Waists, Made of the Softest Fabrics, Without Linings, and All Loose and "Pouchy"—Collars Omitted, if Desired, While Sleeves Are Full at the Wrist



THE prettiest things that have appeared for summer wear are the new lingerie waists. The summer girl herself expressively characterizes them as "too lovely for anything," which in her vocabulary means the warmest admiration. And when she gets one of them on, all beholders will quite readily agree with her.

These newest of waists are for the most part French and imported, and are shown at the stores labeled with fancy prices. But that doesn't mean that they are prohibitive for the girl who is clever with her needle can copy and make them at home. For hand work, be it known, is the distinguishing mark of the lingerie waist. Not a stitch of machine sewing is put on it if you would have the genuine article.

The materials used are the sheerest and

softest fabrics, and the touch of starch must never come near them. That is to be distinctly remembered when the waists are sent to the laundry. Mull and silk mull, chiffon and dotted swiss and nainsook are the favorites, with even dimities appearing in the less expensive waists.

No linings at all are used. All are made loose and fluffy and "pouchy," with a pouch sometimes both back and front. The sleeves are manifesting an ever increasing fullness toward the wrist. There are no collars at all on some of the waists, but only a lace trim. As they are intended for dress occasions on hot summer days, this feature will be specially appreciated. Some people, however, do not like waists without collars becoming. For these there are collars of lace insertion, stiffened with herringbone.

Every one of the waists is elaborately tucked and trimmed with lace insertion, lace applique or hand embroidery. Herringbone, French knots and various fancy stitches adorn them. Tiny pearl buttons are also used for ornamentation. An innovation has been introduced in the backs as well as fronts are trimmed.

The waists are to be worn with skirts of linen or silk, nun's veiling, barege, etamine and other thin fabrics. Most of them are white, but some are noted in the pale shades of violet, blue and pink. Always it must be a solid color. There are no flowered patterns.

One of the daintiest waists here pictured is of the palest pink silk mull. The yoke of Hungarian lace has two bands of lace extended down the front to the belt line, and between them the fullness is laid in pin tucks. The back is made with pin tucks down the center and bordered on either side by lace bands that run from shoulder seam to belt line.

The sleeves are pin tucked at the shoulder, and below the elbow are gathered into deep cuffs formed of pin tucks and lace. This little waist has no collar, and a pretty finish is given the neck by a string of coral beads.

Equally soft and fluffy is a white mull waist. The yoke and a panel down the

collar, with no dividing line between them.

An effect that is unique is obtained in a white lace waist. Sleeves and waist are all-over tucked, with the exception of a plain panel, which is left plain in the front and edged either side with tiny, pearl buttons. Crossing the waist and sweeping directly over the sleeves are bands of Valenciennes insertion, which meet in the front and in the back in V-shaped points. The collar is formed on another V-shaped band, and the cuffs are of lace.

Quaint and dainty and old-fashioned is a shirred waist of dotted swiss. To simulate a yoke effect there is a double line of shirring on cords across the front. The tops of the sleeves are similarly shirred down, and the cuffs are formed all of shirring.

What the
Paris Modistes
Are Making

MILLINERY is very much to the fore, just at this time when fashions in dress have been settled for the time being.

It is rumored that the Second Empire shapes will return to favor, two celebrities in the art of millinery held the scepter during that period, the former at the beginning of the Second Empire, the latter at the ending. Madame Ode succeeded Madame Baronne, whose authority in matters of feminine adornment was supreme. She it was who introduced the wreaths worn on waved coiffures, parted in the middle, such as we see in the portraits by Scheffer and Deluette, and other artists of that time.

One winter Madame Baronne created hats of attached satin, draped with fringed silk net, which every woman adorned. These hats were scooped all round the face and lined inside with ruffles of tulle, and finished off with strings tying beneath the chin.

Later on, Madame Ode created especially for the Empress Eugenie, round wreaths of flowers, similar to the wreath worn by Ophelia—these diadems suited the exquisitely perfect beauty of the Sovereign even better than the Royal crown.

Hats were made smaller; they became more like caps and no longer concealed the coiffure. Then Madame Virot came upon the scene, upsetting the classical order of fashions, breaking away from uniformity, and daring to bring out original creations, of such perfect taste that every woman found a style suitable to her face. She soon became influential enough to do away with the curtain, which was then the universal trimming of all hats, and every day made some new departure. Her hats were seen in all parts of the world, for her sole care was to enhance woman's beauty. She inaugurated what were then called "les petits chapeaux" (small hats) to accompany "les petits costumes." These "petits chapeaux" entirely ousted the capote from favor.

There is at present a tendency to return to this style, which is demonstrated in the many photographs of that period. The haughty Trianon shape, with its plumes and classical diadems, will have to step down from the throne which it now occupies; so will also the smart Louis XV. toque and the Cavalier shape. The style in vogue is the flat-crowned hat, with stitched edges, with the trimmings and feathers all placed low and following the curves of the head.

We already have the ample coifs with broad sleeves richly ornamented with embroideries and laces, a kind of reminiscence of the coats of the celebrated Fetic. Double skirts, long polonaises, which bid fair to come into favor for next season.

Rich trimmings, vivid colorings, greens, blues, violets, the bright red tints of that epoch, and lastly, a color, a color suitable to blonde beauty and much favored by the Empress, such is the present outlook which will take us thirty or forty years backward. The ermine, that most prominent feature of the fashions of the Second Empire, is not making its appearance in any way, and no mention of it is made.

The present outline of the feminine figure and the graceful and lengthening effect of the present style of corsets is so pleasing to the eye that the "elegantes" seem inclined to cling to this fashion forever and a day.

CLEVER BLIND CHILDREN
They Stage a Play Without a Single Hitch in the Performance.

A company of blind children enacted the play, "Jack the Giant Killer," at St. Louis recently.

It was their first attempt in the histrionic line and was pronounced the success of the season by the theatregoers. The children belong to the Missouri School for the Blind, and the entertainment was arranged in celebration of the institution's fifty-first anniversary.

The teachers made all of the costumes and trained the performers for weeks beforehand. The latter entered into the spirit of the occasion with all of the zest which more favored children might have exhibited. The remarkable feature was the keenness of perception which they displayed. Guided by some instinct, they never made one false step, but passed and repassed each other on the stage and always found their respective places without a collision. Their movements were all easy and freedom and grace and their steps were as firm and full of confidence as though they had been blessed with the brightest and keenest of eyes.

Sightless lords and ladies bowed to a blind king and queen in courtly style. A blind fairy waved her wand over their majesties without once touching their crowns. The blind Giant slumbered in his cave, and the blind Jack the Giant Killer strutted gloriously up and down with his trusty sword. It was all done with such astonishing accuracy, and never was there a mistake in word or action. The orchestra which furnished the music was composed of fifteen blind boys, and the attendants of the king and queen numbered some twenty sightless little ones.

So that it was a company which really crowded all ease and freedom and made the excellence of the performance all the more notable. A particularly pretty scene was that in which Jack led the Princess and Fairy Good in a dance which was very much like the Virginia reel.

After the play S. M. Green, superintendent of the institution, was the recipient of many congratulations upon the historic achievement of his pupils.

"They can do things and accomplish good in the world just the same as people that have eyes," he said, proudly. "Our motto is this: 'It is the soul that sees.'"

"We took that motto several years ago to impress on the public the fact that blind people are not a lot of helpless, unfortunate creatures, as some suppose. Aside from the misfortune of being deprived of their sight, blind children are just like any other children. They are affectionate, they like to romp and play, they want to be out in the fresh air and the sunshine, and they enjoy hearing the songs of the birds and smelling the perfume of the flowers."

Novelties for the
Children to Wear

If one cannot afford these there are pretty serge coats, or even less expensive ones of Bedford cord, which have very much the same effect. A great many have removable collars, and the clever mother can substitute others of embroidery.

Some of the coats are made with no collars at all, and slip on easily over dresses, with ruffles and large collars. Perhaps the prettiest and coolest is the coat of white linen, straight and simple, with a circular collar of linen, appliqued with medallion motifs.

While fashion decrees plainness and extreme simplicity for children, the baby must have frills and furbelows; if not white, these in the very palest, daintiest colors.

One of the most attractive long baby coats has a silk lining and three or more muslin capes with very deep hems and a great deal of hand embroidery.

Wrappers for the baby should be of white Henrietta or cashmere, with delicate colored India silk. The more expensive ones are embroidered with flowers or other patterns the color of the lining. There's a new contrivance for the convenience of a baby in traveling that bids fair to be very popular—a combination heater and cooler.

It is a square straw basket with a tin box inside. In the center of this is a small square compartment, and around it places for a number of bottles. If these are to be kept cool, the central compartment is filled with ice and the little ventilator in the lid left open.

But if heat is required instead of cold, there is a wire rack which fits into the central box and holds candles. To warm the milk you simply light these and close the ventilator.

It's all very compact and easily carried about.

The baby's veil is another important part of its spring wardrobe. And it would be hard to choose the prettiest of the many designs shown.

Some are edged with a rare pattern of real lace, and appliqued across the end of the veil with lace rose motifs. Others have a finish of beading and lace, and still others are edged with a fine serpentine lace.

front are of fine pin tucks outlined by bands of Valenciennes insertion. The same lace forms the standing collar. The sleeves and the rest of the waist are done in wide tucks, and the sleeves are very much pouched at the wrist.

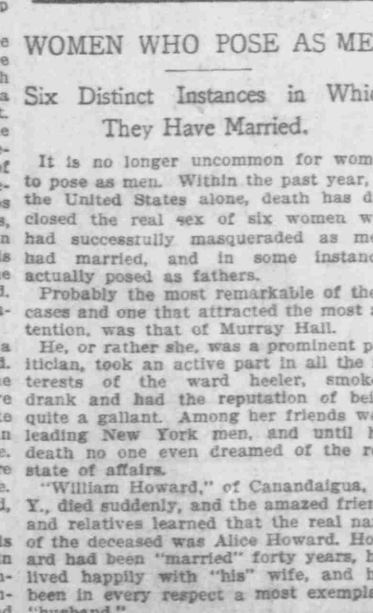
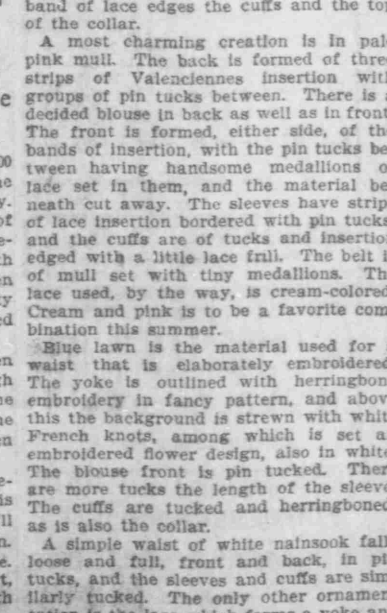
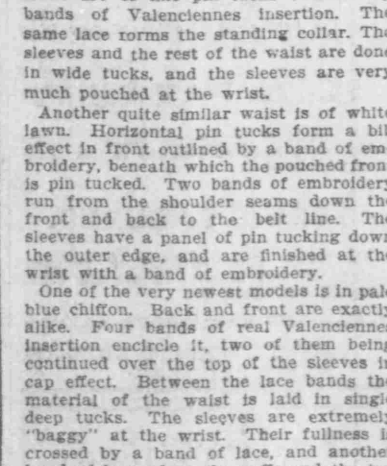
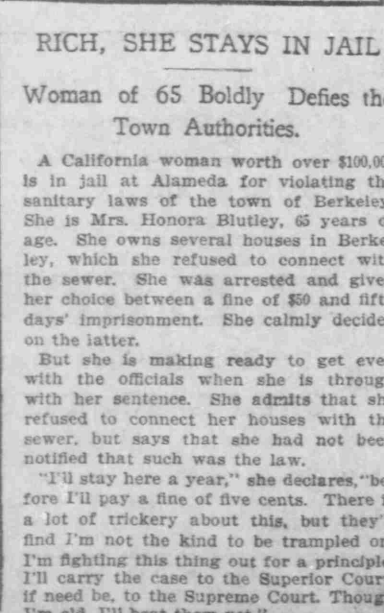
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One of the very newest models is in pale blue chiffon. Back and front are exactly alike. Four bands of real Valenciennes insertion encircle it, two of them being continued over the top of the sleeves in cap effect. Between the lace bands the material of the waist is laid in single deep tucks. The sleeves are extremely "baggy" at the wrist. Their fullness is crossed by a band of lace, and another band of lace edges the cuffs and the top of the collar.

A most charming creation is in pale pink mull. The back is formed of three strips of Valenciennes insertion with groups of pin tucks between. There is a decided blouse in back as well as in front. The front is formed, either side, of the bands of insertion, with the pin tucks between having handsome medallions of lace set in them, and the material beneath cut away. The sleeves have strips of lace insertion bordered with pin tucks, and the cuffs are of tucks and insertion edged with little lace frills. The belt is of mull set with tiny medallions. The lace used, by the way, is cream-colored. Cream and pink is to be a favorite combination this summer.

Blue lawn is the material used for a waist that is elaborately embroidered. The yoke is outlined with herringbone embroidery in fancy pattern, and above this the background is strewn with white French knots, among which is set an embroidered flower design, also in white. The blouse front is pin tucked. There are more tucks the length of the sleeve. The cuffs are tucked and herringboned, as is also the collar.

A simple waist of white nainsook falls loose and full, front and back, in pin tucks, and the sleeves and cuffs are similarly tucked. The other ornamentation is the lace which forms a yoke and

Crimes Caused by
Dream Hallucinations

The recent remarkable case of Henry C. Krause, who strangled his mother, has served to recall other instances on record in the history of medical jurisprudence where crimes have been connected with dreams and hallucinations.

One of the oldest cases of the kind is that of the English gamekeeper who was killed by his son. Both were guarding from poachers the preserves on which they were employed, when the son, wearied with the long vigil, fell asleep. Upon being suddenly awakened he seized his fowling-piece and slew his father, evidently, in his half-awake condition, acting under the delusion that he was attacking a poacher. He was tried and convicted, but later was pardoned on the ground that, because he did not know what he was doing, there was no criminal intent to the action.

Marc, the noted English alienist, tells of the famous case of a peddler who fell asleep on the highway, having by his side a sword cane which he carried as a protection against robbers. A traveler in passing stopped to arouse him, thinking he might be either ill or intoxicated. The peddler sprang up and stabbed him to death with the sword cane. He was convicted at his trial, although he pleaded that he did not know what he was about when he committed the act.

Another case cited by Marc is that of Bernard Schedmaier. Attacked by a phantom in a dream he struck at it with a hatchet and awoke to find that he had murdered his wife, who was the reality of the phantom with which he had struggled. He was acquitted of the charge of murder, the jury in this case accepting the plea that he had done it unconsciously.

From Cleveland, O., comes an account of a well authenticated case, that of a prominent resident of that city. Out hunting and camping with a party of friends, he was suddenly awakened from sleep one morning and shot a member of the party in the back, inflicting a wound which caused paralysis.

In 1878 Simon Frazer, a Scotchman, dreamed that he was attacked by a wild beast, which he killed in his vision. When he awoke he found that he had dashed out his child's brains against the bedpost.

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Probably the most remarkable of these cases and one that attracted the most attention, was that of Murray Hall. He, or rather she, was a prominent politician, took an active part in all the interests of the ward heeler, smoked, drank and had the reputation of being quite a gallant. Among her friends were leading New York men, and until her death no one even dreamed of the real state of affairs.

"William Howard," of Canandaigua, N. Y., died suddenly, and the amazed friends and relatives learned that the real name of the deceased was Alice Howard. Howard had been "married" forty years, had lived happily with "his" wife, and had been in every respect a most exemplary husband.

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RICH, SHE STAYS IN JAIL

Woman of 65 Boldly Defies the Town Authorities.

A California woman worth over \$100,000 is in jail at Alameda for violating the sanitary laws of the town of Berkeley. She is Mrs. Honora Blutley, 65 years of age. She owns several houses in Berkeley, which she refused to connect with the sewer. She was arrested and given her choice between a fine of \$50 and fifty days' imprisonment. She calmly decided on the latter.

But she is making ready to get even with the officials when she is through with her sentence. She admits that she refused to connect her houses with the sewer, but says that she had not been notified that such was the law.

"I'll stay here a year," she declares, "before I'll pay a fine of five cents. There is a lot of trickery about this, but they'll find I'm not the kind to be trampled on. I'm fighting this thing out for a principle. I'll carry the case to the Superior Court. If need be, to the Supreme Court. Though I'm old, I'll beat them yet."

WOMEN WHO POSE AS MEN

Six Distinct Instances in Which They Have Married.

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